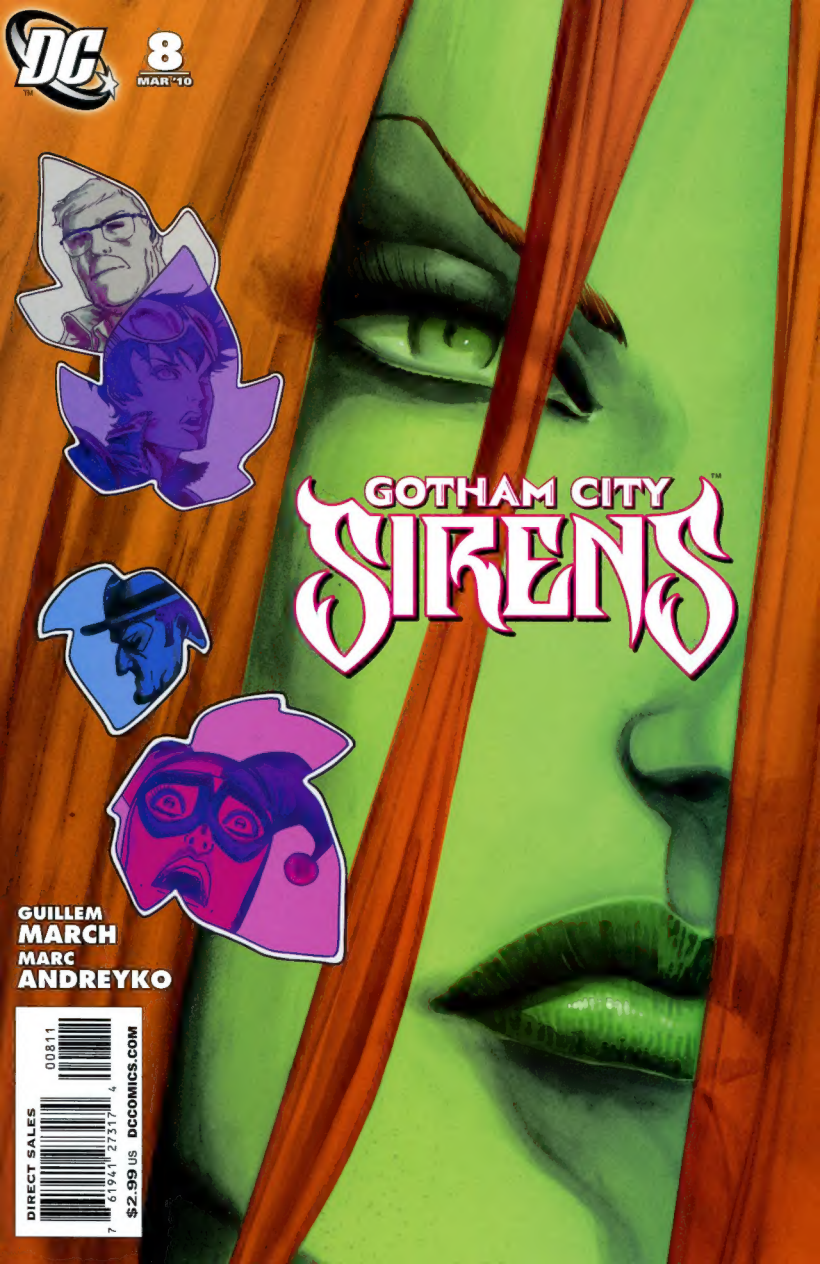
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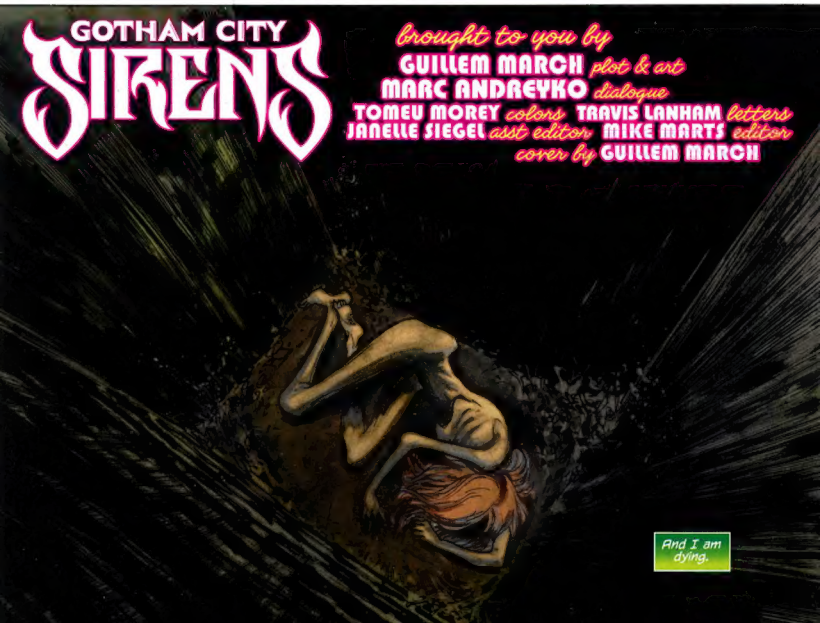
GOTHAM CITY SIRENS

brought to you by
GUILLEM MARCH *plot & art*
MARC ANDREYKO *dialogue*
TOMEU MOREY *colors* **TRAVIS LANHAM** *letters*
JANELLE SIEGEL *asst editor* **MIKE MARTS** *editor*
cover by **GUILLEM MARCH**



TWO WEEKS EARLIER.

Robinson Park covers an expanse of three hundred square acres in the center of Gotham's otherwise concrete jungle.

But it is more than a place of recreation for me.

It is my kingdom.

My fortress.

It is me.

Look at them. Running.

Playing with their cubs.

MOMMY, LOOK!

Wallowing in their own weaknesses.

PRETTY!

Unaware of the pain they cause us.

MUCK

MOMMY, FOR YOU!

WHY, THANK YOU, SWEETIE!

♫

He sees a beautiful woman. Feels a stirring in his loins.

He couldn't be more wrong. One kiss from me and he becomes nutrients for my brethren.

Every step they take on the grass. Every flower so cavalierly plucked from the ground. I feel everything in this park. I am not merely a part of this place.

I am this place.

...WITH THEIR BRIGHT COLORS AND TEMPTING NECTARS, CARNIVOROUS PLANTS HAVE DEVELOPED MYRIAD WAYS WITH WHICH TO TRAP INSECTS AND OTHER UNSUSPECTING ARTHROPODS...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

...WHEN THE TRAP IS TRIGGERED, THE PLANT SECRETES STRONG DIGESTIVE ENZYMES WHICH BREAK DOWN THE INSECT INTO A NUTRITIOUS MEAL....

MRS. QUINZEL?

MISS, ACTUALLY. WHO WANTS TA KNOW?

THIS IS FOR YOU.

WHO WAS THAT?

FED-LEX.

WHAT?!

FOR GOD'S SAKE, HARLEY, YOU CAN'T JUST GIVE OUT THIS ADDRESS. IT DEFEATS THE WHOLE PURPOSE OF HAVING A HIDEOUT.

SORRY, BUT I HAD TO ORDER SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT.

WHAT? "HELLO KITTY" PAJAMAS?

NO, SMARTY-PANTS. I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW IT'S JOB-RELATED.

THESE THINGS ARE HARD TO COME BY.

EVEN ON EBUY.

YOU'VE BEEN GONE A LONG TIME, IVY. SHOULD WE BE NERVOUS?
SELINA, YOU WORRY TOO MUCH. I WAS SIMPLY IN ROBINSON PARK ENJOYING AN OASIS OF GREEN IN THIS RANCID, POLLUTED CITY.
A SECOND MAN HAS BEEN FOUND DEAD IN ROBINSON PARK EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON. THERE IS NO OFFICIAL CAUSE OF DEATH RELEASED, BUT, ACCORDING TO POLICE, THE SCENE OF THIS MAN'S DEATH IS NEARLY IDENTICAL TO THAT OF A MAN FOUND MURDERED IN THE PARK EARLIER THIS WEEK.
GOTHAM NEWS NOW HAS LEARNED EXCLUSIVELY THAT BOTH MEN HAD RECENTLY BEEN PAROLED AFTER SERVING TIME FOR ACTS OF ECO-TERRORISM AND THAT, LIKE THE FIRST VICTIM, THIS LATEST DECEDENT HAD IVY LEAVES STUFFED IN HIS MOUTH.
GULP!
EPA INVESTIGATORS HAVE BEEN CALLED IN...
...TO EXAMINE WHAT IS BEING DESCRIBED AS "AN UNKNOWN PLANT-BASED TOXIN."
KLUNK
ROBINSON PARK, YOU SAID?

IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO ASK ME, SELINA, THEN ASK.
OKAY, IVY. DID YOU KILL THOSE TWO MEN?
NO.
But, after what they did...
...I would have.
"NO"? THAT'S IT? NO EXPLANATION, NO ALIBI? SERIOUSLY?
MOM, DAD, STOP FIGHTING!
I MUST GO. THERE ARE THINGS I NEED TO DO. ALONE.
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, IVY!
IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, TALK TO US. WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU. WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, DAMMIT.
FRIENDS? NO. TEAMMATES BY NECESSITY, BUT FRIENDS?
NOW UNHAND ME, PLEASE.
SSSSS

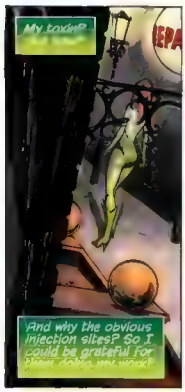
If someone wanted to catch my attention, they certainly have.
I don't mourn those men. If I had gotten to them first, the result would be the same. They deserved their fates after the pain they caused to the green. I should have been the one exacting revenge.
I have been lax in my duties as Protector of the Green. Has someone else picked up the mantle I have dropped?
DO NOT CROSS
SPEAK TO ME....
Or is something far more frightening happening?
Am I becoming more human?
THIS IS CAR 622. I NEED BACKUP STAT IN ROBINSON PARK. SHE JUST HAD TO COME ADMIRE HER HANDIWORK.
WHO, 622?
POISON IVY.
I am tugged between two worlds. Lost. Adrift....
...a feeling I am not entirely unfamiliar with...

...when in Arkham, it is easier to let the currents carry you where they may...
...and hope they wash you up on dry land.
MISS ISLEY? MAY I CALL YOU PAMELA?
WELCOME TO ARKHAM. I'M DR. QUINZEL. I'LL BE YOUR PSYCHIATRIST. I'M HERE TO HELP YOU, BUT I HOPE, PERHAPS, WE COULD BE FRIENDS?
YOU DO REALIZE I CAN CONCENTRATE ENOUGH TOXINS IN MY HAND TO KILL YOU IN SECONDS, DON'T YOU?
ALL FRIENDSHIPS HAVE A STRONG FOUNDATION OF TRUST.
SEE? NOW WAS THAT SO DIFFICULT?
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
PARDON US, DOCTOR.
OH!
YUM.
OH.

Dr. Quinzel did turn out to be a good friend. Imagine that.
TO POISON IVY
I love you
She had me transferred to a cell with a window.
She convinced the powers-that-be that the direct sunlight would make me calmer. More controllable.
VISION
I love you
I played along so well that they even let me receive letters.
They should've checked the mail a bit better.
DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE, IVY!

GOTHAM CITY P.D.! WE GOT YOU SURROUNDED!
These fools think their guns intimidate me. They have no idea how quickly I could end them all.
But I don't. They have information I need.
So I "surrender."
AREN'T YOU SCARED OF ME, COMMISSIONER?
NO, NOT TODAY. YOU LET MY COPS LIVE, SO I ASSUME YOU WANT TO BE HERE. I THINK WE'RE BOTH LOOKING FOR SOME ANSWERS.
SO, THE GOTHAM POLICE DON'T THINK I'M THE "PARK KILLER"?
NO. THEY DO, BUT I DON'T.
LOOK AT THESE.
BOTH MEN WERE KILLED BY A PLANT-BASED NEUROTOXIN. A VERY SPECIFIC ONE.
IN FACT, ONE THAT CARRIES YOUR GENETIC MARKERS.
That's impossible.

AND YOU STILL THINK I'M INNOCENT? MAYBE IT'S TIME TO RETIRE.
How could--who could synthesize my toxins?
IF I HAD A NICKEL FOR EVERY TIME SOMEONE SAID THAT...LOOK HERE.
THAT'S A NEEDLE MARK. BOTH MEN HAD 'EM.
THEY WERE SHOT FULL OF IT IN THEIR CAROTIDS. THE POISON KILLED THEM BEFORE THEY FELT THE PRICK OF THE NEEDLE.
GIANT VENUS FLY TRAPS. STRANGLING VINES. POISON POLLEN. THOSE ARE IVY TRADEMARKS. HYPODERMICS TO THE NECK, NOT SO MUCH.
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT FROM ME?
And all men want something. Take is what they do best.
Like Jason Woodrue.
He was envious of my connection with green.
But subtlety was never his forte.
YOU'RE LETTING HER GO?! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND, GORDON?
IVY WANTS TO FIND THIS KILLER AS MUCH AS WE DO. PROBABLY MORE.
AND WE'RE ALREADY STRETCHED SO THIN, I'M WILLING TO GIVE HER THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT. IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT THEN RUN FOR COMMISSIONER IN THE NEXT ELECTION. UNDERSTOOD?
...UNDERSTOOD SIR.
DON'T MAKE US BOTH REGRET THIS, IVY. HOW CAN I REACH YOU?
KLUNK
TELL THE FICUS IN YOUR OFFICE AND I'LL KNOW.
HOW DID YOU KNOW--?
IT ALSO TOLD ME IT WOULD LIKE TO BE MOVED CLOSER TO THE WINDOW. IT THINKS YOU'RE TRYING TO KILL IT.

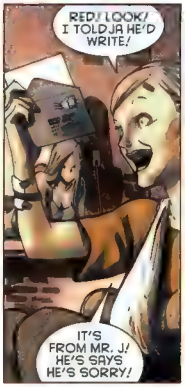

My loading?
And why the obvious injection sites? So I could be grateful for

Do I have my own...
And how do I go...

KRAK
UHHHHHH!

And, with that, my mind takes me back to Arkham...

I'm Sorry
J.-
No mail


RED! LOOK! I TOLD JA HE'D WRITE!
IT'S FROM MR. J! HE'S SAYS HE'S SORRY!

Harleen Quinzel, M.D.
And Arkham's
I KNEW IT!

Her love will ultimately bring about her death.
I KNEW IT.

...even if she doesn't believe it...
PRETTY KITTY, I KNOW YOU DON'T TRUST IVY AS FAR AS YOUR CLAWS CAN BAT HER...

...BUT I DO.
SO, ARE YOU GONNA HELP ME OR NOT?

SKREEEE
KSIK
DEPARTMENT OF FORENSICS
GOTCHA!
WHAT? WHATCHA GOT?
PROFILES OF THE MURDER VICTIMS.
GEEZ! I KNOW THESE GUYS!
WELL, NOT KNOW KNOW, BUT THEY WERE ALL KOOKS IN ARKHAM.
THEY WERE ALL FIREBUGS. THIS ONE FLAMBÉED HIS OWN CELLMATE! HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT WHEN I WAS, Y'KNOW, HIS SHRINK.
OH, THIS IS NOT GOOD.
WHAT?
THEY FOUND STRANGE DNA IN THE VIC'S BLOODSTREAM. THEY I.D.'ED IT AS IVY'S.

CLICK
UH...
...OH!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
HARLEY! THE WINDOW ON ONE!
TWO!
WHACK
UUHH!
YOU CRIMINAL SCUM!
BLAM BLAM
THREE!
CRASH
AAAAAHHH!
UHN! GOTCHA!
THAT WAS FUN, KITTY! CAN WE DO IT AGAIN?
DON'T MAKE ME DROP YOU.

No
No
No
Don't know where I am...
...or how long I've been here
?

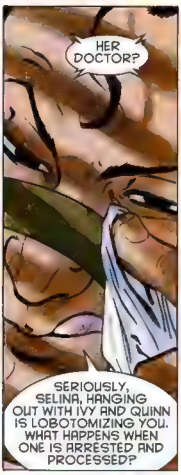
RED, IT'S BEEN TWO WEEKS AND NUTHIN'. NO LETTERS, NO CALLS, NO TWEETS. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, HON.
IF YOU'RE MAYBE LISTENIN' RIGHT NOW, COULDJA SEND US A CLUE OR SOMETHIN'?
HARLEY! STOP TALKING TO THE STUPID CACTUS!
IGNORE HER.
SHE DIDN'T MEAN IT.
KITTY, MAYBE I CAN HELP YA. I'M PRETTY GOOD WHEN IT COMES TO PUZZLES, Y'KNOW? I ALMOST ALWAYS GET "FINAL JEOPARDY!" AND I DO MY SUDOKU IN INK!
HARLEY, PLEASE! DON'T TALK. I NEED TO FOCUS HERE.
OH. OKAY.
I-I'M GONNA GO FOR A WALK.
YEAH, SURE, FINE.
"YEAH, SURE, FINE." WHAT DID I EVER DO TO HER?

WELL, EXCEPT THAT TIME WITH MR. J AND THAT TASER...OR THAT OTHER TIME WITH THAT NAPALM CREAM PIE OR...
MISS QUINZEL, WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE.
!
POW
DON'T WORRY. ITS FIRST EFFECT IS PARALY--
YOU SURE ABOUT THAT, CUE-BALL?
OOOF!
WHUMPH
OWIE, OWIE, OWIE, OWIE...
BEEP BEEP BOOP
C'MON, KITTY! ANSWER! PLEASE?
IF YOU HAVE THIS NUMBER, YOU KNOW WHO YOU'VE CALLED. LEAVE A MESSAGE. A SHORT ONE. BEEP!
CRAP.
UUUHHNNN--!
STUPID, STUPID GIRL...

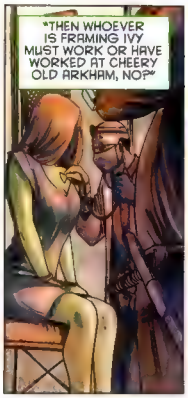
TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, I COULDN'T CARE ANY LESS WHAT HAPPENS TO THAT GREEN ABOMINATION.
SURELY YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT SHE POISONED ME, KEPT ME IN A COMA, AND SQUATTED IN MY HOME? WHY WOULD I POSSIBLY LIFT A FINGER TO HELP HER?

EDWARD, IVY ISN'T THE PERSON YOU ONCE KNEW--NOT SURE HOW MUCH PERSON IS LEFT IN HER ACTUALLY. SHE'S CHANGED. TRYING TO BE BETTER.
YOU HAVE TO APPRECIATE THAT. I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU--ONCE ONE OF BATMAN'S PREMIER ENEMIES, NOW WORKING ON THE SIDE OF GOOD. YOU CHANGED. WHY COULDN'T SHE?

~SIGH~ FINE. WHAT DO WE KNOW? IVY'S DNA WAS FOUND ON THE VICTIMS. SO, ASSUMING PAMELA ISN'T THE KILLER, WHERE DOES ONE HARVEST IVY-TOXINS?
ONE OF HER OLD GREENHOUSE LAIRS?
NO. MUST I SPELL IT ALL OUT FOR YOU? SOMEONE MUST HAVE ACCESS TO IVY'S PLASMA OR SAP OR WHATEVER. WHO HAS SUCH SAMPLES ON RECORD AND WOULD KEEP THEM WHERE THEY COULDN'T DETERIORATE?


HER DOCTOR?
SERIOUSLY, SELINA, HANGING OUT WITH IVY AND QUINN IS LOBOTOMIZING YOU. WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE IS ARRESTED AND PROCESSED?

PRINTS, PHOTOS, CHEEK SWABS...
AND?
BLOOD.


"THEN WHOEVER IS FRAMING IVY MUST WORK OR HAVE WORKED AT CHEERY OLD ARKHAM, NOT?"

"THANKS, EDDIE. I OWE YOU ONE."
"DON'T WORRY. I'LL REMEMBER."

After leaving Eddie, a brief hacking into Arkham's personnel files gives me a name. I call Gordon to set up a meeting. He insists on someplace discreet.

Ten feet from the Batsignal is discreet?

Bullock and some twitchy cop I don't know are there.

I don't like cops any more than they like me. But I have to help Ivy.

CATWOMAN, WE HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU--

ME, TOO, COMMISH--I KNOW WHO THE "PARK KILLER" IS AND IT AIN'T IVY.

HE STRUCK AGAIN.

WHAT? WHEN?

A FEW HOURS AGO.

AND THE VICTIM?

"...IT'S HARLEY."

"IS SHE--?"

"NO, NOT YET. THE DOCTORS THINK SHE HAS ACQUIRED SOME NATURAL IMMUNITY TO THE TOXINS FROM HER 'CLOSENESS' TO IVY, BUT EVEN THAT WON'T KEEP HER ALIVE MUCH LONGER."

WE NEED AN ANTIDOTE.

BUT FOR THAT, WE NEED IVY. AND IVY HASN'T BEEN SEEN IN WEEKS. I DON'T KNOW IF SHE'S EVEN ALIVE.

I KNOW WHERE SHE IS.

STUART?

Stuart Rawlings. Cop.

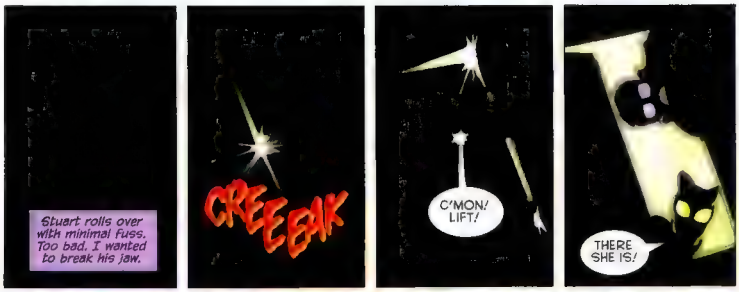
Avenger.

Kidnapper.

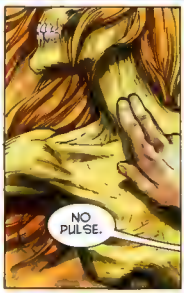
Brother of one of the victims.

Mistaken.

Regretful.


Stuart rolls over with minimal fuss. Too bad. I wanted to break his jaw.
CREEEAK
C'MON! LIFT!
THERE SHE IS!

SHE AIN'T BREATHIN'.
...IVY... DAMMIT...


NO PULSE.

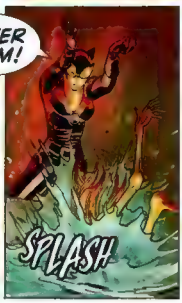
I'M SORRY.
NO.

GIVE HER TO ME!

WHAT ARE YOU--?

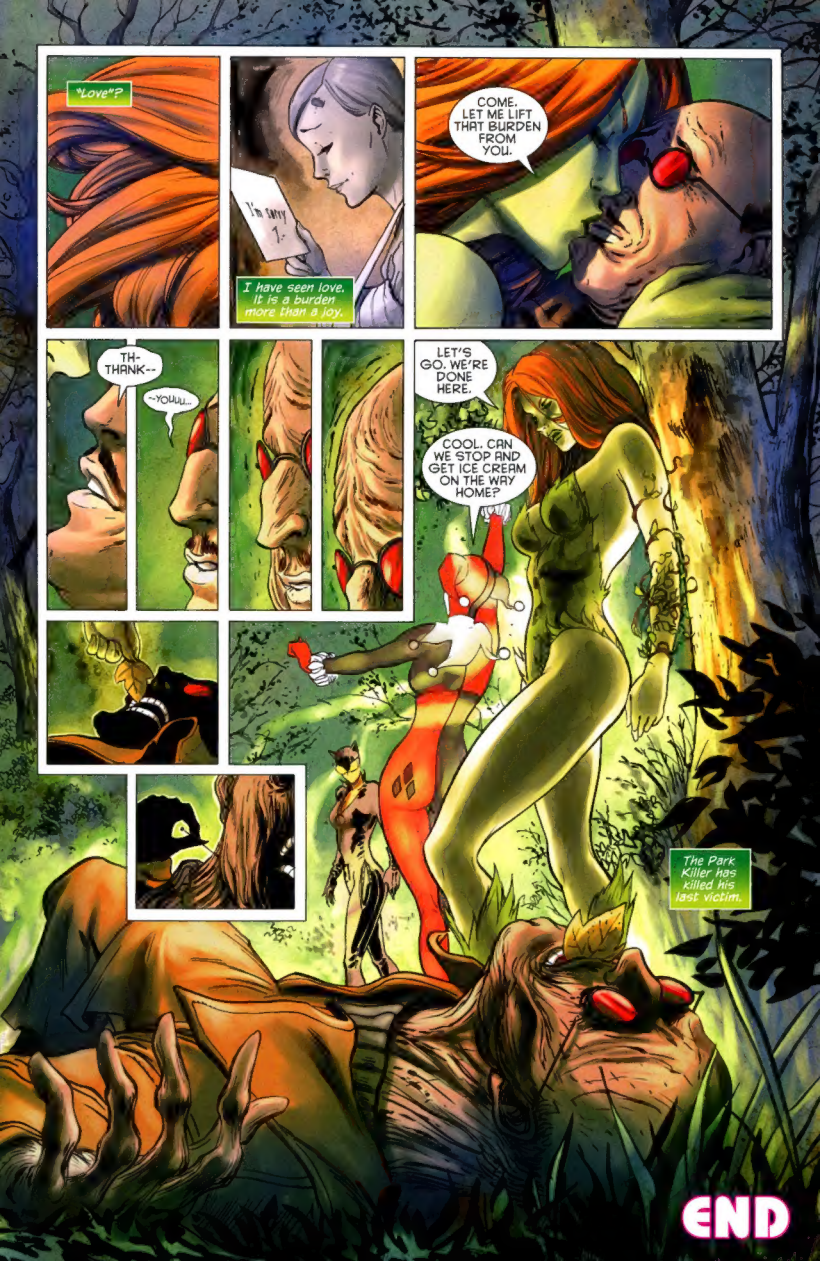
WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOUR PLANTS SEEM DEAD?

WATER THEM!


SPLASH

THANK YOU, SELINA.
I NEEDED THAT.
MARCH

...IVY HAS BEEN EXONERATED IN THE ROBINSON PARK SLAYINGS AS GOTHAM POLICE STILL HUNT FOR THE TRUE KILLER. NO NAMES HAVE BEEN RELEASED, BUT SOURCES REVEAL HE MAY HAVE BEEN ON STAFF AT ARKHAM ASYLUM...
Ivy wants to finish this her way, so time is of the essence. We're not too terribly ahead of the boys in blue on this one.
I WISH I COULD SAY I WAS FLATTERED...
...BUT I'D BE LYING.
Y-YOU?! OHMIGOD!
IT'S REALLY YOU! IF YOU KNEW HOW LONG I'D BEEN DREAMING OF THIS MOMENT--!
I'VE BEEN HELPING YOU, YOU KNOW! GETTING MY HANDS DIRTY SO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO...
BUT IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE. A REAL PLEASURE!
GOD, YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL.
I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP, LITTLE MAN.
WHAT?
YOU SEEM TO HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH SOME WARM-BLOODED DAMSEL IN DISTRESS. I AM NOT.
I AM POISON IVY.
W-WAIT! I GAVE YOU FREEDOM ONCE!
"DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
"I LOVE YOU."


"Love"?
I'm sorry I.
I have seen love. It is a burden more than a joy.
COME. LET ME LIFT THAT BURDEN FROM YOU.
TH-THANK--
--YOUUU...
LET'S GO. WE'RE DONE HERE.
COOL. CAN WE STOP AND GET ICE CREAM ON THE WAY HOME?
The Park Killer has killed his last victim.
END

A 2-HOUR EVENT WRITTEN BY GEOFF JOHNS

HEY, DC NATION, DO WE HAVE BIG NEWS FOR YOU!

On Friday, February 5th on The CW you can catch the premiere of the JSA on SMALLVILLE! Sounds awesome, right? Well, hold on, there's more! The 2-hour episode entitled "Absolute Justice" was written by our one and only **Geoff Johns** and features Dr. Fate, Stargirl and Hawkman. We couldn't be more excited so we wanted to share this image from the show with you ASAP. Get your popcorn ready and tune in to see Clark Kent meet the JSA for the first time.

See you next week!

WITH THE PAST TO GUIDE THEM, HEROES UNITE.

SMALLVILLE

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